THE COMMONWEAL

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DARKNESS IN MEXICO

EVENTS of extraordinary seriousness have concentrated the attention of the world upon what is happening in Mexico:

A decree promulgated by the hierarchy of the land and approved by the Papal See has authorized a cessation of services in the churches of all Mexico "until we order otherwise."

The laity of the afflicted country are banded together in penitence and prayer and are restrained, under the threat of possible excommunication, from coöperating with the government. Something like a commercial boycott will be established.

The Christian world has been called to prayer "on the first of August, the feast of Saint Peter in Chains. The date is most opportune since it recalls how the prayers of the faithful in the first persecution of the Church secured such miraculous intervention from God."

There is no doubting the decisiveness of this ecclesiastical action. Not since the days when the mediaeval caesars or the Moslem throngs endangered the existence of Christendom have all the mystical weapons of the universal Church been brought to bear so heavily in a conflict with civil government. The darkening of sacrificial candles in Mexican shrines and churches is a partial interdict; the call to prayer is a crusade. In no other year of modern history has the sorrow of the Kingdom of Christ risen like this into majestic and righteously angry sobbing. One thinks of the morning upon which Don John sailed past Lepanto, of the night when Rome was sacked by multitudinous hordes.

Why has all this been done? The ultimate reasons —the violation of the honor and the rights of man— are set forth in this issue of The Commonweal by Bishop Kelley. They have been stated well elsewhere, for instance in the pastoral letter of His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of New York. We can do no more than summarize the most important aspects:

In Mexico the reign of constitutional democracy has come to an end. There is no question here of Church and state, of progressive and reactionary. The issue is squarely the inviolable conscience of man. More than 95 percent of the citizens of an American state— one among the many which heard the cry of liberty enkindled by our own revolution—have been victimized with regard to a most sacred duty and a permanent right by a handful of politicians bred through a series of the most selfish and bloody revolutions in history. On the pretext that written law must be en-

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forced, ministers of religion have been hounded down and slain; the worship of the Catholic body has been interrupted and suppressed; schools have been closed and teachers scattered abroad; and all semblance of international courtesy has been abandoned in the treatment of venerable men and women whose very services were made into excuses for ignominious treatment. The numerical proportions involved reveal the shabby pretense upon which officious persons base their talk of democracy in Mexico: the ratio is ninety-five to five, the issue is a right no free man can surrender against the ambitions of barbarism.

Secondly, the dictatorship of Calles is itself a flagrant violation of the written law. The mandates against religion issued by him, together with innumerable other legislative acts recently performed at his order, are based upon a grant of power by the Mexican Congress which that Congress had no right to give. The Constitution, as cunningly altered by Carranza, permitted the executive to receive special powers only when society is "in grave danger." But no such emergency existed—no emergency whatever excepting that the junta in power had suddenly decided to abrogate the practices of Catholicism. It is therefore preposterous to speak of "obedience to civil authority." There is merely question of subservience to Calles: the alternative is spiritual slavery or resistance to persecution.

And so the noble language of the hierarchy of Mexico, enhanced by the appeal of the Holy Father, is addressed to all America and to all the world. The time has come for Catholics here to cease being squeamish or timid. They should continue to avoid demanding that their government restore order south of the Rio Grande by force of arms. But they must do everything in their power to succor the people which is prostrate under the lash, to aid whatever practical means are used by the Mexican laity, and, above all, to nail every lie, every false interpretation of fact or history, every scurrilous appeal for sympathy, which is addressed by the agents of Calles to honest public opinion in their land. Here once again the lead must be taken by the lawful leaders of the Church in our midst, but the followers must be willing and determined to a man. Just now the call to prayer is the mandate to heed, because under the mighty impact of pure petition the world is changed.

What irony there would lie in the indifference of Americans to this struggle! In the very year when our own declaration of human rights is solemnly commemorated, we should be hopelessly forgetful of our birthright if we viewed with languid detachment this despotic Mexican usurpation of the things of God. One can understand the concealed satisfaction of a sectarian minority which views every threat against the See of Peter as a victory for itself. One is prepared to receive the cautious pronouncements of a liberalism that is academic and not even very much that. But we think the average American's mind will be made up on the matter if once he is convinced that the existence of the Church in Mexico did not hamper the legitimate social development of the Mexican population. Here let this average American ask himself two questions: What has the Church done for the poor in Mexico? What has Calles done for these poor? These inquiries can be answered without any lengthy examination of telling statistics—a sufficient number of which have been published by the United States government and are available to inquirers—by simply delving into the relative character of the protagonists.

The Calles clique is indefensible. Evidence of their Bolshevik-like thirst for dictatorial power; of their use of state prerogatives for the gratification of private passion; of their reliance upon the shedding of blood and upon torture; of their greed for material wealth —all of it has been accumulated during years when there were plenty of Americans, and generally not Catholic Americans, at hand to study and see. In the face of it no one need wonder that the existing Mexican government hires paid propagandists; the surprising thing is merely that anybody should care to be paid. Now what is the record of the Church? Doubtless it is not all immaculate. In every organization there are weaknesses, and the nature of Mexico —the peculiar historical evolution of the country and the fact that a native Indian population is not the same thing as a Caucasian civilization fostered by centuries of Christian discipline—may have created others. But on the whole, the Catholic record is one of service and sanctification, of effort and peaceful education. Those who are not convinced may investigate. Accredited spokesmen will be glad to render any assistance, to accept every challenge. Nothing is so easily defended as the truth.

At the present moment, one bows one's head in confidence at the universal summons to kneel in the request for the mercy and justice of God. There is a great and troubling darkness in Mexico—the shrouding of the altars before which, since first the holy sons of Saint Francis spoke kindly to the Indian, throngs of reverential men and women have knelt. The pilgrimage has ebbed away from Guadalupe: the serried thousands have said a temporary mournful farewell to the hill which was hallowed by a vision of the Virgin. And in the darkness and the silence, the two protagonists are face to face. No need exists to predict the ultimate victory of the Faith which has been the happiness of centuries. For even if the hate of Calles should bind the Church as her first pastor was bound in the Mamertine, in the end she will emerge a conqueror because that is her destiny. But until she does there will be neither peace nor prosperity in strife-ridden Mexico.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE effect of Poincaré's return to power has apparently been a revival of the national confidence. In a country like France, a great deal depends upon the willingness manifested by the average citizen to deposit his savings in banks and to support the government bond issues. Naturally the prospect of seeing one's currency depreciate constantly led to investments in stable alien money and to the progressive impoverishment of credit. Poincaré means, at least for the time being, an energetic and determined government. The maintenance of that will depend, however, upon whether the ministry can get support for the fiscal program it is soon to bring before the Chamber. Details of this are not yet determinable, even though it seems probable that Poincaré will revert to his old suggestion of creating a surplus by increased taxation. Such a policy is now supported by experience and by two exhaustive investigations of the financial situation, the more recent of which—that drawn up by the committee of experts—will very likely be viewed with less favor. It is to be hoped that events will permit the relative stability of the new government, even if its political complexion is too apoplectic to subsidize much hope for longevity. Poincaré in the saddle once again, may mean a steady drift to a Right ministry, with emphasis upon the idea of "union sacrée" and the elimination of issues destructive of the national will. On the other hand, it may strengthen the determination of the Socialists to gain full control of the government, this time with a policy that, in plain language, can mean nothing else but raiding the Banque de France.

IN welcome contrast to the steady darkening of the religious situation in hapless Mexico, news comes from Czecho-Slovakia which indicates that the clash between Church and state, which showed signs only a year ago of becoming an impasse, is giving place to something approaching a modus vivendi. The offensive incidents which last year attended the celebration of "Huss Day" in Prague have been abandoned. The "Huss flag" was not hoisted over the presidential residence, his name was not officially mentioned in the parade, and a silence which strikes one as more than usually golden replaced the offensive address to which many Catholics were forced to listen last year. Most striking of all, a Mass offered for the national intention was one of the principal events of the day. If the seal of the Church's approval cannot by any stretch of the imagination be considered as set upon the day which the new republic has chosen as its national fête, at least a means has been afforded by which the many thousands of loyal Catholics in Czecho-Slovakia may take part in so much of it as is legitimate self-congratulation for autonomy achieved.

THE religious and national situation in the land which Mr. G. K. Chesterton still refuses to call anything save Bohemia, is a particularly complicated one, whose delicacy is not always appreciated as it deserves. History is full of unforeseen accidents. One of the most tragic brought it about that the supreme manifestation of Czech patriotism and genius for war not only took place ostensibly on behalf of a schism, but was complicated and envenomed by the callous self-seeking of the time. There is no reason to believe that the peasants who gathered in the mountains under Procopius, and who sacked castles and monasteries to the beat of Ziska's legendary drum, were animated with patriotism that would assay 100 percent today. On the other hand, there is just as little reason to believe that the Emperor Sigismund and his Saxon nobles who swarmed in on the interdicted land, were filled with the crusading spirit that sent European chivalry riding eastward 300 years earlier. The fourteenth century was a repulsive age, in which the cockatrice that was to devastate Europe a century later and shatter the community of nations was already hatching. It is just one of the strange sarcasms of destiny, that at the very time France had a burnt saint as the emblem of its national resistance, Bohemia and the Czechs should have had a burnt heresiarch. Stake for stake, and pyre for pyre, one may prefer that of Saint Joan. But the memory of both or either should render us indulgent when the superimposition of new nationalism on ancient history brings about the incongruity of a "Huss Day," as a Czecho-Slovakian Fourth of July.

THE report on standardization in Catholic colleges, as submitted to the recent Louisville convention of the American Catholic Educational Association by the com-

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mittee chairman, Reverend John W. Maguire, is an absorbing proof of how earnestly many of these colleges have struggled to conform with the demands of modern educational practice. There is no question about the soundness of these demands, which ordain that teachers shall be equipped through at least a brief period of superior study and shall not be burdened with excessively heavy schedules or large classes, although it is usually admitted that they are imposed by formula rather than by concrete and particularized investigation. At any rate, Father Maguire's record of sixty-nine standard colleges indicates that they have maintained the average tempo of the North Central Association, which includes most of the important secular schools in the Middle-West. The number of teachers who have earned higher degrees is relatively the same, though the secular colleges have somewhat more definitely lived up to the rule that all instructors shall have attained a master's standing. The percentage of students lost before the senior year is about the same in both cases, and observance of a "human" hour-schedule does not vary greatly. Perhaps the only important difference is that the number of instructors who give part of their time to secondary education is greater in Catholic schools—the reason being that the progress of higher education in these schools has been the growth of the college out of the academy.

OBVIOUSLY, this good showing is the result of very commendable effort and sacrifice, in which, as the report indicates, the standardization committee has shared notably. It would appear that a number of institutions, burdened no doubt with a great many serious maintenance problems, do not realize the necessity for the supervisory work undertaken by the Educational Association. They feel that repeated exactions render their work more difficult at the very time when they are looking everywhere for assistance. It is easy to sympathize with this point of view even while remembering that discretion is the officer in charge of valor. But the sad truth remains that, regardless of ameliorated standards, American education is still quantitatively rather than qualitatively successful. Catholic training cannot afford to be swamped by numbers any more than any other kind of training; in fact, its whole significance as a system lies in its belief that the work it has specifically to do will be done better under religious auspices than elsewhere. Therefore, the work courageously undertaken by the committee ought to be continued with the help of every kind of ready coöperation. Special attention should be directed to these words from Father Maguire's report: "Recent discussion has brought out the fact that however excellent the teaching in Catholic colleges of the country may be, they have failed to produce a proper proportion of noted and constructive scholars. Has not the time come for us to make a serious effort to remedy this defect?"

THE week beginning September 4 will see the biennial convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, for which extensive preparations are being made. One need not say that the Federation itself has been growing steadily in numbers and importance: more than 60,000 women, drawn from 500 schools, are active members; the teaching sisterhoods are directly represented; and officials chosen by delegates in convention are prominent in a variety of forms of social work. This year, appropriately enough, Saint Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana, has been designated as the meeting place. Its spacious new dormitories will provide ample room for guests, and its religious will be the first to act as hostesses to the Federation. The chairman, Miss Mary McCandless, has not yet made public the program of events at the convention, but if we may judge from what has been accomplished in the past, the week of assemblage will deserve the attention of all American college women.

RECESSIONALS need not be sad things, but an inevitable note of sobriety is present when a demonstration of faith, so ardently looked forward to through months and even years as the Eucharistic Congress, takes its place in the irretrievable past. What might be considered the last echo of the Congress was heard in Saint Patrick's Cathedral on July 24, when Cardinal Bonzano took a final farewell of the Catholics of America before sailing for Italy. Cardinal Bonzano holds a very special place in the hearts of the people of this country, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, by reason of his twelve years at Washington. His return for a brief visit as Papal Delegate has renewed many ties. But naturally his leavetaking renewed the sorrow of the first goodbye. A special note of the parting services was the extreme beauty and appropriateness of the music, by the famous girls' choir and the pupils who have been attending the summer session of the Pius X School of Liturgical Music at the College of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville. The Sacerdos et Pontifex which welcomed the distinguished prelate on his entrance, the antiphon, In Viam Patris, intoned by the men's choir, and the Benedictus for blended male and female voices, were revelations of the beauty and dramatic power of Gregorian music, rendered by those instructed in its stark yet subtle art. Perhaps the most beautiful number of all, however, was the jubilant Christus Vincit, a traditional paean of praise that has come down to us from the eighth century. To hear this triumphant and confident celebration of the reign of Christ ringing out again after 1,100 years of storm and sunshine, was to be spiritually and even physically a participant in the eternal communion of the saints.

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, who took advantage of his birthday feast to decline the title of greatness, has nevertheless arrived at the stage of

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"grand old man." The progress of his conquest of public opinion has now reached the point where it may be viewed with something like the ease with which one studies the development of John, Junior, as reflected in a series of informal photographs. For the stock in trade of Shavian success has been informality. The numberless serious individuals who have treated punctiliously and firmly the varied dicta of Marxism, have sometimes found audiences, but they have never avoided dust. Mr. Shaw has never really said much more about the socialist doctrine than he reiterated in the festival speech—"Karl Marx made a man out of me." It is quite in the vein of the self-made industrialist who says—"Pulling thistles out of the cornfield turned me into what I am"; or of the great aviator who declares that a youthful habit of climbing trees prepared the way for a triumph over atmosphere. The product is nobler than the materials; the disciple is merely reminiscent of the master.

PEOPLE in the habit of indulging in such pastimes might elaborate the symbolism of names like Marx and Shaw. It is, perhaps, more helpful to pause at this stage of the famous Irishman's and consider, quite apart from a desire to be studiously critical, the nature of the thing he has managed to do. Has it been very much different, after all, from the achievement of Sheridan? The earlier man was content to hammer away at the social pretensions and insincerities of a polite world—to establish the fact that a man, content to be merely himself, is immeasurably superior to a person trying hard to be somebody else. Just as cleverly—the comparison does not envisage details—Mr. Shaw has done the same thing, with the difference that he utilized the prominence given to social discussion by the great Victorians and the drift of the era. He made the point—which was also their point—that an unjust steward who appropriates respectability is a comic sight. He happened to be right, as Dickens was right. And one might add that the relation between the author of Bleak House and the author of Heartbreak House is just as close as the relation between Cobbett and Karl Marx. Of other and equally grave matters there is no time to talk here. But though Mr. Shaw has profited by his modernisms, it is not unlikely these will be shoddy when old.

A LETTER from a correspondent of Northampton, Massachusetts, published in the Atlantic Monthly for August, will awaken a response in the breasts of many Commonweal readers, to whom the passing of Cardinal Mercier still comes home as a very real loss. The letter concerns plans now under way for building a mortuary chapel under the high altar of the Cathedral of Malines, to which the body of the dead prelate would be removed from its present position in a small and overcrowded vault, where it rests upon the ground side by side with the remains of thirteen of his predecessors in the Belgian see. The crypt-chapel would be accessible to the public, and the scheme provides for an altar, to be an exact replica of that before which the great Cardinal said Mass daily in his private chapel; and for a mausoleum with a recumbent effigy in bronze of the great churchman and advocate of church unity. As the letter published by our contemporary in Boston very reasonably assumes, the number of Americans who would be glad to join in a tribute to Cardinal Mercier must be considerable, and it is sufficient to indicate that Canon Dessain, of Malines, secretary to the late Cardinal and to his successor, Monsignor van Roey, is in charge of the collection of funds for the worthy project.

THOSE who view Hollywood and its products as a social phenomenon may base a not uninteresting comparison upon cinema conditions in Central Europe. A recent film, manufactured by the Moscow government, and "treated" to show the rise of Bolshevism in a resplendent light, was shown regularly until a storm of censorious protest was raised against it. Incidentally, this storm brought a healthy amount of thundering statistics. One examiner of 250 popular films reported the following list of ethical subjects: murders, 97; adulteries, 51; abductions, 19; seductions, 22; suicides, 4; and robberies, 176. Frequently enough, this edifying subject-matter was clearly indicated in the titles, which ranged from The Devil's Dance to The Lightnings of Love. In a certain sense, all of this must have been very stupid, and possibly it did not encourage the commission of crime as vigorously as one might have expected. But the editor of a thoughtful Vienna journal is moved to remark: "The spiritual indifference of contemporary society produces inestimable consequences. On the one hand, we expend huge sums for the church and its work, for schools and universities, for museums and picture galleries, for the moral training of youth; on the other, we give primitive commercial minds the right to stunt the mentality and undermine the morals of people with a doubtful journalism, which in turn is rounded out nicely with a legally protected system of picture pandering." The contrast suggested here is worthy of note, if only to reinforce the truth that contemporary social government is not Christian, but Manichaean.

THE eye-glasses which figure in the ordinary likeness of the scholar seem to represent near-sightedness of two kinds. If physical vision is impaired by continued bookish curiosity, the readiness of the mind to accept evidence is hampered by the very processes of evidence. How surprised many "anti-traditionalists" of yesterday would be at the remarks made recently by Professor James Henry Breasted before the National Academy of Sciences must be left to the imagination. "Not credulity but historical method demands that we now recognize," said Dr. Breasted, "traditions,

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or the nucleus of fact to be drawn from them, as a body of sources now to be restored to their proper chronological position in the succession of surviving evidences which reveal to us the past career of man on earth." The instances adduced in support of this conclusion are often interesting. Not to mention the astonishment caused by Schliemann's demonstration of the reality of Troy, there are such matters as the real existence of the Egyptian king, Menes—long considered mythical but now proved quite historical by a gold bar in the possession of the Chicago University—and the marvelous water-clock according to which King Tutankhamen regulated his daily existence. More and more proof is given by our scholarly investigation of the past that the poets of antiquity were historians rather than fiction writers. Perhaps their mythological systems were guesses in the direction of a philosophy of the human story.

A HAPPY ANOMALY

THE attraction of French Canada for the American who is blessed with the gifts of imagination and sympathy seems to be perennial, and books that record it are both frequent and popular. There are many reasons why a visit to Montreal, Quebec, and the homes of the "habitant" should be felt as a relief to a certain aridity, which, when all our blessings have been counted, at times induces a mood of aesthetic depression among some citizens of the great republic that lies to the south of them.

In the first place, there is the stimulus of contrast, which comes from the sight of two worlds living side by side in apparent harmony. It is true that something of this contrast is to be observed in big cities nearer home, where many a tall, gaunt building, whose shrouded windows are like so many meditative lids closed upon the glare and swirl of the street, tell of lives lived within that do not take this world into much account.

But Catholicism in French Canada is something that every year makes more unique. It is pervasive as nowhere else save in the Eternal City itself. Its traditions are imperishably bound up with a national and racial ideal. Its very four-square bulk—the completeness of its achievement, compel respect from the worldly visitor today as they enforced it upon the alien conqueror 160 years ago. Other attempts to found the Kingdom of God upon earth have been driven by all-pervading materialism into the recesses of the individual mind and will. But, in the province of Quebec, largely owing to the fact that under Providence the Church became a rallying point round which a threatened nationality entrenched itself, and entrenched itself successfully, it persists today as a power that must seriously be reckoned with at each and every crisis of social and political life.

To imagine that this unique position of privilege is accepted gratefully and graciously by every Canadian would be too much to expect. However cohesive and homogenous French Canada may be, it is not all Canada. Leaving aside elements whose hostility is an affair of race and religion, there is a certain body of opinion, very moderate and reasonable on the face of its arguments, which regards the Church in Quebec as an "imperium in imperio"—a venerable but tiresome anomaly in an age when the state, having evoluted to its possible limit in the direction of popular control, has entered upon its final stage of absorbing all human functions and gathering them within its polity.

It is because a recent very charming and pleasantly written book of travel, The Spell of Canada, by an American writer apparently not of Catholic faith, takes the trouble to examine these grievances seriously that The Commonweal believes it deserves mention in other than the columns usually devoted to book reviews. Dealing with the commonest form that discontent takes—namely the existence of a church that enjoys "rights without responsibilities," and the freedom of religious property from taxation, which leaves large tracts of "unimproved" (i.e., coveted) property in the business districts of large cities, its author, Mr. Frank Oliver Call, has this to remark:

"Two mere facts, first, that this privileged church should have satisfied most legitimate demands for three whole centuries—half British and half French—and satisfied these demands so well that no repealing act has even been debated . . . are proof that this uniquely privileged church has used, but not abused, its quite peculiar powers."

And again: "The stranger who visits Montreal is sometimes struck by the great number of large buildings belonging to religious orders. He is also sometimes inclined to criticize the government that allows such valuable properties to exist for the most part free of taxation. But let him withhold his criticism until he has had time to learn something of the great work performed by these institutions—work which, if left to the government, would cost millions."

French Canada, as it exists today, and as it may piously be hoped, it will exist for generations to come, is both a challenge and a needed lesson for the worldly mind. A hundred and thirty years ago the great orator Burke told the British Commons that "the cheap defense of nations" is best secured by leaving undisturbed those primal loyalties which have nothing to do with written constitutions. That an efficient and economical conduct of its domestic life might lie along the same lines is a possibility from which the contemporary world rather stubbornly averts its eyes. It will continue to avert them, we must suppose, until the inevitable bankruptcy of human institutions which do not seek first the things of the spirit (or, dare we say, God) forces them upon its attention.

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PLAIN TRUTH ABOUT MEXICO

AN EXPOSITION AND A CHALLENGE

By RIGHT REVEREND FRANCIS C. KELLEY, D.D.

(No one has followed more studiously the development of the Mexican problem than Bishop F. C. Kelley, of Tulsa, Oklahoma. During his years of service as president of the Catholic Church Extension Society, he was forced to witness the migration of Mexicans to the United States and to provide for their spiritual welfare. He knows Mexico intimately through personal observation. Many refugees from the revolution were also aided materially through his kindness. Bishop Kelley has written about Mexico before, but the present paper—his first in a long while—is a challenge which will not be left unheeded by either friends or enemies.—The Editors.)

IT IS easy enough to unravel the tangled web of the Mexican religious question, but when thus unraveled the blind prejudice of the years will still prevent most people from seeing. It is the simple truth to say that the unraveling cannot start with Mexico. It must go back to ancient controversies, the facts of which have now passed into history, but the consequences of which are still with us; precisely to the days when religion was made excuse and justification in a struggle for political power, and the doctrines of the reformers the weapons of princes. Fanaticism was then the war-cry, but the stake was power. The Church had to be broken and the instrument of the breaking was falsehood. It was powerful enough to do it in certain countries that embraced the doctrines of Luther. In turn, that weapon passed into the hands of those who, later on, were to attempt the smashing of all religion. Voltaire put it frankly and forcibly: "Lie, lie. Some of it will stick." The Catholic Church never has feared discussion. What she has feared, and with the best of reasons, and what she still fears, is the lie. It is the foundation of the fight against religion in Mexico.

The Mexican revolutionists, from Comonfort to Calles, have learned their lesson from the Reformation princes of Germany and from the Revolutionary leaders of France. They began by laying down certain basic falsehoods or half-truths as accepted and not-to-be-controverted principles. One is that democracy in republican dress is the only good form of government for all nations and therefore for Mexico. They ignored the truth that the form of government which suits a nation by giving its people happiness and its institutions stability, is the best. But their pronouncement for democracy had the advantage of being attractive, especially to Americans who are prone to judge all cases from the standpoint of our own success.

The second falsehood put out by the Mexican revolutionists is the statement that they are really giving Mexico a democracy. Never once have the Mexican people had that. The triumph of the revolutionists took place a century ago. President has succeeded president since, but still are votes not counted, and the will of the chief takes the place of the will of the people. The way to the removal of one party or leader in Mexico has always been the bloody way; and there is no sign that it will not be the bloody way for another generation.

The third falsehood is that the Catholic Church has done nothing for Mexico, but, on the contrary, is responsible for its present condition, for illiteracy in the people and the degradation of their social and political institutions. This charge is made by all propagandists for the Mexican government, paid and unpaid. There are plenty of both.

No sane student of history or political economy believes democracy to be the best form of government for all peoples and under all circumstances. Under exceptional circumstances only is it the best, and even these exceptional circumstances have no assurance of permanence. American cities, for example, are coming to the manager and commission plan, a step away from the free-for-all that in the past gave them grafting mayors and venal aldermen. A nation at war cannot trust its fortunes to the changing opinions of the populace, as witness our own alleged "tyranny over public opinion" in the late war. Democracy demands clear heads and the unselfish and intelligent use of them. In peace, democracy, to be successful, requires knowledge for the correct use of the governing ballot, and devotion to ideals, with a patriotism founded on both. People must be prepared for democracy by learning how to obey; for democracy is not license but the liberty of all guarded by basic principles of justice set down in a constitution, and laws made by the unselfish action of the people themselves. In a democracy a majority is only the sentinel over the rights of both minority and majority.

Mexico is less fitted for such a democratic form of government at the present time than it was a hundred years ago. All intelligent Mexicans know that. The revolutionists know it. They never did have a democracy, though they promised it. They have no intention of having it now or in the future. They may, and surely will, go on talking about it, but the past hundred years tell their story as faithfully as present conditions tell it today. All their talk is a lie made out of whole cloth, and a lie that is no compliment to us, for it is based on the conviction that we have neither sense nor intelligence enough to see through it.

The Catholic Church is dragged into this mess of

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personal ambitions called revolutions for different reasons. One is that she is known to have the affection and devotion of the Mexican people and is, therefore, a menace to robbers and spoliators. The Catholic Church will, they know, never consent to the smashing of the Ten Commandments. She will not play in the game of robbery. She may be silent under persecution, but she is there, an offense to the eyes of murder and a standing rebuke to those who would rob a people for their own private gain. She is hated by the politician. She has to be hated. It is her fate and her destiny. One answer alone is her answer to those who charge her with oppression—the fact that, in spite of everything, she is still the church of 98 percent of the Mexican people. These have resisted all efforts, backed by money and power and every other sort of temporal gain, to tear her out of their hearts and out of their lives.

The revolutionists have another and a very special reason for persecuting the Catholic Church and helping her enemies. They are convinced that the "gringo" is a fool. He is wise enough to make money but there his wisdom ends. They themselves are shrewd enough to know that the only way for them to make it is to steal it. That they cannot do with perfect safety with the Church keeping her influence. The "gringo" investor is fair game. He has made money in Mexico. The politicians must take it when they can no longer rob their own people, but they must take it, if possible, with even the sympathy of the nation whose people they rob; so they watch their chances and study the ground. They find that the Catholic Church is the church of a minority of Americans. They know that there are frequent outbreaks of old-time bigotry and intolerance against her in the United States. They know that there is a majority here who, if they do not hate, yet do dislike her. That situation presents a chance to secure sympathy. To persecute the Catholic Church, they think, is to please the poor foolish "gringo." When he is pleased he will not notice the hand that steals toward his watch and stick-pin. The policy of the Wilson administration was the proof that they were right, and our present policy does not prove them wrong. The American investor in Mexico was as welcome in the State Department under Bryan as he was in the street. The American who added millions to the wealth of our country, who developed foreign trade for our industries, who found oil for our ships and saved our own fields from quick depletion, was referred to as "the fellow who lost a cow in Mexico." The Mexican politician understands. He may not be able to make money by legitimate means in industry, but he is no fool. The great war taught him the value of propaganda and, since he had the money, he invested a little for great returns. He found "gringos" that he could buy for cash and other "gringos" that he could buy for favors. He discovered the value to him of the American Protestant missionary and the weakness of that zealous person at the same time. He found the Cannons and the Inmans and the Tuppers and the Millers and the Foxes. He gave them work to do and promised them a free hand, in spite of the law, to bring Mexico into the "pure light of the Gospel"—after they had helped to put the Catholic Church into outer darkness.

Then came a bigger discovery—the "liberal" element here in our midst. The Mexican politician could have that without even the asking, and thus it went to him. He did not get it free, of course, but he got it cheap. With it came the Federation of Labor and even some Catholics whose political ambitions outweighed their principles. All these have done splendid service in the uncomfortable task of pulling tons of chestnuts out of a fiery furnace of license and theft.

But that is not all. The Mexican revolutionist had higher ambitions. He has no love for these United States. In fact he hates us even more than he hates the Catholic Church. He has a pet dream of an alliance with our colored people and with the Jap. That is why we kept troops on the border while we were at war abroad. The Wilson administration did not go so far in loving the Mexican revolutionist as to trust him when Uncle Sam's back was turned. Yet the Mexican politician keeps up his hope. But there is little hope for an American-Japanese war under present conditions. The Pacific is a wide body of water and Elk Hills oil is stored as fuel for war-ships where it can be reached. The Jap at least has no hallucinations about the value of the Doheny tanks at Pearl Harbor, even if some of our own politicians have. The Mexican wants to give Japan a foothold on this continent. There is lower California with its magnificent Magdalena Bay open for immigration. Every now and then a feeler is put out to see if it is safe to invite the Jap to come as a peaceful immigrant. Time will do the rest. The Catholic Church has, of course, nothing to do with that—except in so far as persecuting her will draw sympathy for her persecutors and blind the "gringo" with prejudice to his own undoing. Old Voltaire's hint is well worked. The Mexican has thus far had fine proof that he was right, for some of the lies have stuck. It is easy to make the "gringo" swallow anything if it is covered with the sugar of a hurt to the Catholic Church. At least that is the way the Mexican politician reasons.

So the game goes merrily on. Mr. Chester M. Wright, of the Pan-American Federation of Labor, says: "The Papal Delegate in Mexico understands much better than American Catholics what the trouble has been about, and two conversations with him, running over three or four hours, revealed a distinct possibility that here also amity may come." But Mr. Wright spoke without a knowledge of the real plans of his Mexican friends, for, before his words were in type, the Papal Delegate with the peace palm in his hand was on his way to the border—expelled. Mr.

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Wright, however, will be silent about that now. That particular lie did not stick. But there are other lies that go very well. Signor Benjarano, a "former officer of the Mexican Education Department"—the Lord save us!—said in Current History for July that $27,000,000 of Mexican gold went to Rome and Spain in one year. Where did he get his figures? Out of his head? Even then he put Rome in by this simple process: if Rome got any offering at all from the Church in Mexico, as the Salvation Army in England gets something for the support of its international work and its general administration expenses from the United States, the amount, though small, could be added to what was sent to Spain and the lie planted that they shared alike.

Mr. Frueauff is an attorney for the Mexican consulate in New York, not one of the unpaid. He states that "the committee of representatives of different religious denominations which recently returned from Mexico, after investigation, reported that there was no persecution of religion," etc. Before the ink was dry on that lie, the chairman, Dr. Herring, wrote that the committee had said no such thing. But the editor of Current History let the lie go through, of course. The same Mr. Frueauff said that the Mexican government is "simply trying, strongly backed by the people, to carry out the law." Which means that he wishes us to think that these laws were made by the Mexican people, submitted for their approval and received it. As a matter of fact, the laws were made by a military junta and the Mexican people never had a chance to say yes or no to a single one of them. Incidentally, Mr. Frueauff defends this as an excellent plan for us to imitate. He laments that in some such manner the proposed new constitution of the State of New York had not been adopted. Alas! the vote of the people stopped it. But New York is not Mexico. Mr. Frueauff insists, also, that the effort of the Mexican government is only an attempt to separate Church and state. He wants us to believe that. But Church and state have been separated for a century in Mexico. He opines, too, that there is nothing in the provisions of the Mexican Constitution regarding the holding of Church property, "but the general idea that the federal government has the power of control over the property held by religious bodies." Let us tell the American public how it would work out here at home if we went at it in the Mexican way. If the principle is right in Mexico, it is right in any attempt at democracy, and ours is more than an attempt.

This is the way the Mexican plan would function in America with, say the religious denomination in which Bishop Cannon, another of Current History's authors of its Mexican symposium, is a shining light——the Methodist:

> All Methodist churches in the United States, with their contents, would be confiscated by the federal government, down to the poorest chapel in the smallest town on the great American desert.
>
> Methodists would have the use of only some of the buildings, but according to the judgment of a government officer who might be a Baptist, a Catholic, a Jew, or an atheist; and then only for as long a time as the government wished and no longer.
>
> Some of these confiscated Methodist churches would be assigned to other uses or to a national church subsidized by the federal government for the purpose of putting the one that owned and erected the buildings out of them forever.
>
> No Methodist clergyman could lawfully officiate in these churches unless native-born—alas for Ontario!—and no Methodist of a foreign nationality, even if unable to speak the language of the country, would be allowed the services of a clergyman of his own nation. This would apply even to such foreign diplomats as desire to attend church. (Vide case of Dean Peacock and the British Embassy.)
>
> Violations of the above would be permitted, of course—but not in the case of Methodists. They would apply, however, to Jews, Mohammedans, and Shintoists.
>
> No Methodist minister would be allowed to vote. No Methodist minister could hold public office; but violations of this rule would be permitted in the case of others than Methodists. (Vide the fact that the Reverend Aaron Saenz, a clergyman, is nevertheless a member of the cabinet of President Calles.)
>
> No Methodist could hold title to any property that the government suspected might be used or held for religious purposes and, in case of the seizure of said property, no trial by jury could be allowed if the robbed owner appealed to the courts.
>
> All Methodist schools would be confiscated. No Methodist clergyman would be allowed to teach in a primary school. There would be no more Methodist ministers after those now living are dead, because no theological seminaries would be allowed in which to give them their education and training.
>
> No Methodist minister could publicly advocate prohibition or anything else that would involve political action or speech. All Methodist papers would be forbidden to publish any comment on the laws or legislation that imposed these burdens upon them, or to criticize those responsible.
>
> No Methodist clergyman could lawfully officiate at the funeral of any other Methodist in a cemetery, even if the ground were his own property.
>
> Methodist deaconesses or missionaries making a promise to devote themselves to their work for life, or even temporarily, would be subject to arrest, fine and imprisonment.
>
> The Methodist form of public worship would be subject to revision and change by the federal authorities.
>
> No Methodist clergyman could validly officiate at a marriage.
>
> In the eyes of the state, there would be no such thing as a Methodist church. Therefore, the Methodist church would have no legal rights that anyone would be bound to respect—and so on.

I have touched only the high spots. What is still

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in the valley, or follows logically from the above, anyone may work out for himself.

Funny, is it not, to note that Bishop James H. Cannon, Jr., a Methodist dignitary, is in favor of all this—for Mexico and as applied to the Catholic Church. His article in Current History for July is an apology for such laws. I take one passage from his article which merits special attention as a falsehood and stands out of a galaxy of falsehoods:

> The purpose of the Mexican government has not been and is not today to prevent anyone from preaching or from giving religious instruction to children. It has not attempted to prevent the Church from controlling whatever amount of property is necessary for its legitimate spiritual activities.

Wonderful. Where, then, will the Church carry on these spiritual activities? Bishop Cannon's church in America builds churches, founds and conducts schools, has training colleges for her clergy, possesses orphanages, asylums, universities, and hospitals. Presumably these are for her "legitimate spiritual work." Will he accept his dictum on Mexican conditions and willingly give them up? Will he advocate the confiscation of his own buildings? And, if they are confiscated, will he quietly accept arrest and imprisonment when he preaches in the open air? I give him credit for enough zeal to go forth and preach on the streets if he cannot preach anywhere else.

After reading Bishop Cannon's contribution to Current History's symposium on The Church and State Conflict in Mexico, one can understand the depth of unreasoning and bitter hatred of such as he for the Church that is the Mother of Christendom. One lie after another falls from his vindictive pen. He exhibits a hatred far from justified by zeal for his own doctrine. He throws his Scripture out the window and revels in animosity that would cause the author of that wonderful treatise on Charity found in First Corinthians, to weep in his apostolic grave.

Bishop Cannon charges the Catholic Church with being a failure in Mexico. Let him look at the 65,000,000 unchurched here in America, fallen-away Protestants, and ask himself who is responsible for them. While he weeps over the Mexican Indian, who believes in Christ and follows his heart to the altar, let him ask what Protestantism has done for—and to—the American Indian. Let him look over at the South Sea Islands of the Pacific and the fruits of Protestant missionary activities amongst the dying natives there. He holds that a church which was bound in chains for one hundred years is responsible for Mexico. Well, no one bound his church at home. The Catholic Church did not give America its deniers of the Divinity of Christ. She is not responsible for the "liberals" who are eating the heart out of American Protestantism. She has had no hand in the fundamentalist controversy. She is not responsible for the empty cradles, the divorce statistics, the common-law marriages, the freak sects, and hopeless religious divisions. Am I violating charity if I suggest that Bishop Cannon do a little thinking before he hurls a failure charge at someone else?

I never read any articles, offered as a contribution to history, so little documented as those to which I have been referring. Gratuitous assertions are offered on every page as incontrovertible facts. In turn I offer statements, but statements that I am prepared to substantiate with documented evidence:

> Far from being a failure in Mexico, the Catholic Church there began, and carried on for three centuries, the wisest, most zealous, most productive, and most elevating missionary work in the history of the world since the days of the early Christians.
>
> The Catholic Church preserved the Indians and saved the people of Mexico from the worst form of savagery on earth, as well as from the greed of conquerors.
>
> The Catholic Church gave Mexico, throughout the régime of Spain, a foundation of educational institutions of all kinds almost equal to those of Europe in that day, and superior to those then existing in the United States.
>
> The successive revolutionists in Mexico, from Hidalgo to Calles, have been destroying the Mexican nation by killing its schools, doing away with religion, murdering liberty, degrading law, and fostering vice.
>
> The missions of the Protestant sects of the United States in Mexico, the sects whose leaders here talk constantly of the sacredness of the law, have carried on in violation of the laws of Mexico. They have accepted special favors granted to them by officials who were thereby violating their oaths of office and making themselves guilty of contempt for the legislation they had sworn to respect and enforce.

I shall not need to go any further for proof of my statements than testimony given under oath before a committee of the Senate of the United States and published by the American government. If the gentlemen who attacked the record of the Catholic Church in Mexico through the pages of Current History—with an advantage presented by the editor of four to one—desire to continue their efforts of apology for those who are trying to crush out of existence the American principles of religious liberty, freedom of the press, and the sanctity of private property, I here and now offer them the opportunity to make good—if they can.

Forgotten Cities

Thus saith the spirit of forgotten cities—
Of Petra, Timgad, Tadmor in the waste—
"A thousand buried hates and loves and pities
In our unwritten records might be traced!"

Ages may pass into an age sublimer
Marked by the flowering of tremendous powers
Wherein some musing, unconjectured rhymer
May say the same of cities that are ours.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

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OUTLAW RHYMES

By MARY KOLARS

THE debate which is waged periodically about the moral utility or the moral turpitude (if I may make free of that storied phrase) of Mother Goose, has suggested to me certain other questions only partly relevant but very fascinating. Who created Mother Goose? I do not mean in the least to ask who it was that ultimately wrote her down (I know it was a Frenchman) giving a final shape to all that flying gaiety and nonsense. I mean, who actually brought the nonsense into being? And what is the vital principle in "Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle" or "Simple Simon met a pieman" which caused them to remain to be written down, when so much else has perished out of life? What gave the random rhymes designed, presumably, for the beguiling of some anonymous baby, their hold on immortality? How came a whole countryside, a whole nation, to be seeded with the happy foolishness of some private fireside?

Of course, this is the same question which is so often asked about epics and ballads. Confronted by such lines as:

> I wish I were where Helen lies,
> Night and day on me she cries.

or the couplet:

> And naebody kens that he lies there
> But his hawk and his hound and his lady fair.

one gets singularly little satisfaction out of being told that epics and ballads "embodied" the this-and-that of a people, that they were "handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation." One wants to know concretely if these were bits of gradually achieved loveliness, appearing only at the tenth repetition, or if they were struck off at the first, and then carefully noted and treasured. And, assuming the latter to be the case, one wants to know what consciousness noted, what memory treasured, them; what religious care committed them to posterity and solemnly charged the new singers with their preservation.

To these genteel questions I beg to add a new one, not at all genteel but a good deal more genuinely perplexing. Who makes up the outlaw rhymes, and how do they survive? They are the secret inheritance of childhood, its common property throughout the land. North, south, east, west, the same rhythmic syllables of ribaldry and derision trip from the infant tongue. Yet whoever heard, whoever imagined, a child being actually taught them? The epic and ballad, however mysterious their origins, have always had the countenance of society, and similarly the authorities are behind Mother Goose. She is printed on tough linen paper, to invest her with a kind of immortality before infant teeth and talons; she is adorably illustrated, she adorns building blocks and cushions and smocks and nursery wall-paper. Little Bo Peep and Little Boy Blue are grafted upon the child's budding consciousness by nurse or mother before its very prayers. But what nurse or mother ever taught baby lips to frame such cocky, disreputable doggerel as this:

> What's your name?
> Putten Tame.
> Ask me again
> And I'll tell you the same.
>
> What's your name?
> John Brown.
> Ask me again
> And I'll knock you down.

No. What I have called them, that they are—outlaws. They pick up a precarious living somehow, it may be in kitchens or on the open street. They are hunted from respectable nurseries. They are forbidden. They are penalized. Yet, miraculously, they persist. In a way, they resemble those rowdy songs which never get into print, yet never lack singers. Only the songs are quite definitely passed from mouth to mouth by adults, who have plenty of ways of escaping the dominion of society long enough to enjoy their own tastes. It is not so easy to account for children's circumvention of the watches that are put upon them. Recall your own childhood. Your mother said, "Where do you get those things?" You were warned. Perhaps you were not allowed any of the nice pudding with the raisins in it; or you may even have been made to stay home from Ralph's party. Yet none of these measures availed to keep you from the dear relief of utterance in re, for instance, the detestability of Alice:

> Alice bum-balice,
> Tee-alley-go falice,
> Tee-leggéd, toe-leggéd, bow-leggéd Alice.

a description, by the way, to be construed more as an abstract symbol of hatred than as a literal picture. In the age of innocence, bow legs qua bow legs involve no stigma.

It is a fact that, while I myself possessed a more than adequate repertoire of outlaw rhymes, I do not remember having been taught a single one; nor have I ever talked with anyone else who remembered. I suppose children have a secret society for transmitting them, and it all goes on when they are too young to remember. If it were not for the substantial uni-

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formity of these lyrical tramps everywhere, I should almost be willing to believe that they represent each time a spontaneous ebullition of resentment or dislike —that every child lisps in numbers of contumely for the numbers come. Certainly there can be no doubt that it is their anti-social character which endears them to the childish mind. Talk about the literature of escape! If, as has been maintained, the mild vanity of Little Jack Horner is a vicarious assuagement of baby egoism smarting under the first touch of bit and rein, how much more potent are such positive lashings out as:

Smarty, Smarty,
Had a party,
Nobody came
But Bridget McCarthy.

And it is more than mere egoism in the child which seeks expression. Beyond the innocent selfishness and unsocial candor lies something else. Children, those flower-like, fairy-like beings, are coarse and cruel. Their coarseness and cruelty are as genuine as their sensitiveness and compassion. They will wince at brutality of speech or demeanor, will cry over one another's woes, or the sufferings of their pets. But in the nature of every child there are outlying tracts unannexed, as yet, by refinement or morality; and hence it is that the most finely organized and fastidious children sometimes exult in coarseness, or in deliberately trampling on one another's nerves. The insults in the typical outlaw rhyme are not accidental. They were put there by someone who knew with exactitude how to humiliate the childish mind and abase the niceties of childish self-regard.

Some of these rhymes are no more than harmlessly imbecile. Of such is the immemorial favorite:

I know something and I won't tell,
Three little niggers in a peanut shell,
One jumped in and one jumped out,
And one jumped in the sauerkraut,
One can sing and one can dance,
And one can make a pair of pants.

Others do not pretend to express any sort of consecutive idea, but satisfy by the mere voluptuous mouthing of "swear words." One widely found example runs thus:

Gee, golly, gosh, darn,
Deuce, devil, damn,
Hell triple, hell triple,
Damn, damn, damn!

The many variants of the verse about the devil, one of which runs:

The dickens, the deuce,
The devil got loose
And sat on the dam to darn.

belong in the same category. This last, by the way, furnished a recent instance of the mobility and quick dissemination of the outlaw rhyme. During the world war, word was seemingly passed underground to all patriotic children, who accordingly substituted "Kaiser" for "devil," effected other emendations in the text, all of them gratifying to the national sentiment of the moment, and sang the new version up and down the land in one vast infantine chorus.

Counting-out rhymes do not belong here, of course, though many of them, for instance the one which begins, "My-mother-hit-your-mother-in-the-face-with-a-brick," are closely allied in structure and spirit. Game-songs must be excluded, too, although they also comprise examples which, from their dash and irresponsibility, as well as from a certain lack of refined sentiment, seem to be on the border-land. For instance, there is much of the outlaw in the following:

Wash the lady's dishes,
Hang 'em on the bushes,
When the bushes begin to crack,
Hang 'em on a nigger's back,
When the nigger begins to run,
Shoot him with a leather gun!

as also in the chant which accompanies the ritual of sidewalk-stepping:

Step on a crack,
Break your mother's back,
Step on a hole,
Break your mother's bowl,
Step on a stone,
Break your mother's bone,
Step on a space,
Break your mother's face.

It occurs to me that the Ku Klux Klan ought to approve unreservedly of these rhymes. Their mere lack of polish should not—judging from the specimens of the literary craft which the knights of the flaming cross have caused to be printed—operate to prejudice the hooded mind against them; and, on the other hand, the content of many of the verses ought to raise them to a high level of acceptability. There is, for example, the perfectly evident aspersion upon the social status of anyone bearing a Hibernian name: "And nobody came but Bridget McCarthy"—could anything be more contemptuously explicit? Thackeray himself never did better. Then there is the heart-warming recommendation as to the shortest way with the colored fellow-citizen, at the end of the song about the lady's dishes. And lastly there is not only the classic couplet:

Where was Moses when the light went out?
Down the cellar eating sauerkraut.

which not everyone, perhaps, might feel to be an unequivocally adverse comment, but also the widely cele-

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brated ditty which my familiars and I sang with a satisfaction none the less real for being obscure:

Honey Kazack Kazinda,
The Sheeny washed the winda,
The winda broke, the Sheeny croaked,
Honey Kazack Kazinda.

None of us, I wish to record, had any idea of what a "Sheeny" was. We delighted in the song mainly because it painted a picture of someone croaking; and we sang with equal relish a lyrical embodiment of disdain for one of the great Nordic races:

Dutchman, Dutchman, stuffed with straw,
Can't say nothing but yaw, yaw, yaw!

I remember one or two concluding examples. The first ran thus:

Jean, Jean, made a machine,
Joe, Joe, made it go,
Frank, Frank, turned the crank,
His mother came out and gave him a spank,
And sent him over the river bank.

I have never come across this specimen outside of my own native Minnesota; and even within its boundaries, its popularity was, in my experience, highly localized, centering mainly in the playroom of my own home. It is a bit too long to be a successful outlaw —terseness is the word with them: Yell and run. I suspect that it was so much affected on our premises because two of the names it mentions were the names of two of my brothers; and because the last name, in particular, being that of a very young brother indeed, lent itself happily to illustrative action on the part of other brothers a little older.

The last example of all would be found dispersed over a much wider territory, but the trouble with it is that it is only intermittently recited. It is one of those songs into which a people pours its soul in a great national crisis. I first heard it in the campaign of 1904. The children across the street were Republicans. We were Democrats. Inseparable playmates in times of peace, we fought out the political issue (about which we not only knew nothing but never even dreamed of pretending to know anything) with a hatred and virulence which are positively awesome to recall. They used regularly to march their cohorts to the edge of their bounding picket fence, directly facing our yard, and sing:

Democrats eat pickled rats,
Republicans eat sugar plums.

a rousing cry, pregnant with victory. It humiliated us quite horribly. I suppose a sufficiently precocious ironist would have seized upon their last line to retort: "'Republicans eat sugar plums'—well, rather!" But, whether because the politics of that far time yielded no parallels to Mr. Fall and Mr. Denby, or because we in my yard were only normally stupid children, we let the opportunity slip. Even so, we did not come off without credit. My eldest brother improvised upon their chant as follows:

If Democrats eat pickled rats,
Republicans eat mouldy cats.

a version which seemed to me then, and seems to me now, to compensate for a certain forcing of its logic with ringing rhyme values far superior to the original. But the history of that innovation was a sad one. My brother sang it once, and they were stricken to a foolish silence. He sang it twice, and I am sure I saw their faces pale. He was beginning to sing it a third time when we were called inside and suitably talked to. Later, we heard the Republican version again fluctuating in the gale, but circumstances prevented our rallying to a reply. And so the election was lost.

At Winpenie Abbey

(For W. R. C.)

Our Lady sits on the ruined gate
Between Saint Luke and Saint John,
And once she held in her joyful arms
Her little darling Son;
And once she was young and wore a crown
And the folds of her gown
Were slim and straight and beautiful:
Now the lichen browns and yellows
Have made for her narrow shoulders, a cloak,
And her only worshippers are the trees—
A ring of pines and a dying oak,
(Loyal for five slow centuries)
A crescent of wind-bowed silver willows,
The circling stars and a silent pool:
And our Lady is lone, but her heart is the same
As the night when her tiny Jesus came,
When she heard the lowing of cows in the byre
And held to her heart, her heart's desire.

At Winpenie, she is the first to hear
The laverock-choir;
She knows every change in the mavis's song,
Those wild, sweet phrases of joy and fear,
She owns the hearts of everything young:
Ever she has the love to lure
The first pair of swallows from over the moor,
Secure from alarms
They build a nest in her crumbling arms:
When the nestlings peek through brittle shells
She croons them the song of long, long ago—
The song of the Abbey's once-famous bells
That three sister-valleys used to know.
And though no longer she rocks her child,
In her ageless beauty, she's reconciled
To rock in her arms of lichened hollows
The young of ever-returning swallows.

DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE.

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PICTURES AND POLITICS

AN Anglo-Irish conflict that has to do, not with political rights, but with modern art, has aspects that make it worthy of the headlines that our daily newspapers have been giving it. On the Irish side it has brought into the fray many notable personalities—Senator William Butler Yeats, Lady Gregory, and oddly enough, that redoubtable antagonist of Southern Ireland, himself a Southern Irishman, Lord Carson. The conflict is over Sir Hugh Lane's bequest of a great collection of modern pictures; it has long been brewing, and it has just been precipitated by the opening of a new wing of the Tate Gallery in London by King George—a wing which is to house the collection.

About thirteen years ago Sir Hugh Lane offered to Dublin the greatest collection of modern pictures that existed in Europe, on the condition that the Dublin Corporation build a gallery to house the collection. Designs for such a gallery were produced by a famous architect, but for one reason or another the Dublin Corporation made no effort to provide funds for the building of the gallery. Sir Hugh Lane then withdrew his offer and left his collection to London. But this was not his final disposition. By a codicil to his will he restored the pictures to Dublin. The codicil, however, was not witnessed, and Sir Hugh Lane was drowned in the Lusitania disaster before he could make his intention more effective. The British government refused to introduce legislation to make the codicil effective on the ground that it would create a dangerous precedent. The pictures remained in London; a new wing of the Tate Gallery was built by Sir Joseph Duveen to house them, and King George, by opening it, has made the gesture of presenting the Lane collection to the English people.

The commission set up in England reported that it was undoubtedly intended that the pictures should go to Dublin, and then it went on to say that if Sir Hugh Lane had lived to see the splendid housing that had been provided for his collection he would have been content to let the pictures stay in London. Apparently, in this case, the English governing classes do not think it odd that a legal commission should consider itself qualified to pronounce on the probable intentions of the dead.

The collection is now valued at about a million dollars. Meanwhile, the new city commissioners in Dublin are making ready to build a gallery to house modern pictures which would do so much to give prestige and probably artistic creativeness to the capital of the newest of European states. The Irish people feel about the pictures in the way that the Irish Statesman put it recently when it said that the question was not one as between two galleries, but one as between two peoples. It is morally certain that Sir Hugh Lane wanted the pictures to go to Dublin. "Should justice be denied," said the Irish Statesman, "the responsibility will rest, not upon the directors of the Tate Gallery, but upon the British government. Can Mr. Baldwin, who exalts the virtue of fair-mindedness in politics, conscientiously maintain that on the facts of the Lane case he has sufficient right on his side to justify him taking the risk of placing an additional stumbling-block in the path of those who are striving to establish better relations between the two peoples?"

In a speech demanding the restoration of the Lane collection, Senator Yeats, when he asked if King George had it pointed out to him that in an action that compromised Ireland's claim he should have been advised, not by his English, but by his Irish ministers, made a point that has large political implications. Obviously, if Irish ministers tendered advice that was acted upon by King George a dual monarchy would come into existence between England and Ireland, creating the situation that formerly existed between Austria and Hungary and that at present exists between Denmark and Iceland. In Ireland it is likely that more and more will be heard about the dual monarchy as a political possibility. It was advocated by Jonathan Swift, when he said, "If the English oblige themselves to have the same king as we have, we shall oblige ourselves to have the same king as the English." It was advocated by Arthur Griffith in the early days of Sinn Fein. When Republicanism again comes to the fore as a practical political issue in Ireland it is very likely that the dual monarchy will be advocated as a dignified solution of Anglo-Irish relations by those who would have some bond between the two countries. But these issues are still a long way off. Republicanism will not only have to discard its present leadership, it will have to live down the memory of that leadership before it becomes a practical issue in Ireland. And the former Unionist party will have to discover a political intelligence amongst themselves before they are able to see a solution that would be in harmony with their tradition and belief—that would give them an object for their personal loyalty, that would bring the northern counties into communion with the rest of Ireland, and provide that social centre in Ireland that they feel they need.

Meanwhile, Senator Yeats's political implication must be deplored by the Free State authorities. A government which is striving for separate diplomatic representation, which has insisted upon its army being under its own minister of defense and its army commissions coming from the president of the executive council, cannot but be embarrassed by references to King George's "Irish ministers."

Evening Walk in Springtime

Listen!
The birds are still singing
Yonder in the pine thicket.

Come!
Let us go near to them,
Harkening.

What euphony!
All these notes are sweet;
None is dominating.

It is the song of the Eight Immortals
Who sing to the Princess of the West
Celebrating her birthday!

It is as the notes of flute
In the Palace of the Moon
When there the Beautiful Ones dance!

Are we, indeed, on the earth?
Such music for mortals?
It cannot be!

Ah, they cease.
One more note—another!
The last note—as fresh as the first!

Now all windows are lit;
The cow is afar mooing.
Return, let us return.

KWEI CHEN.

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COMMUNICATIONS

IN REGARD TO LAW ENFORCEMENT

Richmond, Ind.

TO the Editor:—There is a great deal of nonsense written nowadays in regard to law enforcement. On the one hand, people are saying that the prohibition laws are an infringement on personal liberty and that no one is more bound to obey them than we were bound to obey the Fugitive Slave Law and return all Negroes to their masters. On the other hand, the advocates of prohibition insist that every law must be obeyed no matter how unreasonable it is or how much it violates the fundamental principles of justice or liberty.

Both these contentions are wrong. To compare the prohibition laws, which merely prohibit the sale, gift, or transportation of intoxicating liquors, with a law that remands a human being to absolute slavery is absurd. The law has a right to demand of us that we shall sacrifice something of our pleasure and comfort for the general good. The evils of intemperance were enormous, especially in the misery caused to the innocent and helpless families of scores of thousands of working-men who abused their wives and children and failed to provide for them the proper means of subsistence, on account of the deadly curse of the saloon. Despite the present widespread violations of the law and perhaps the increasing intemperance among the wealthy classes, these working-men's families have received great benefit from prohibition and the rest of us ought to be willing to give up a great deal to accomplish such a result and should cheerfully obey the law so far as it seeks to eliminate the use of intoxicants as a beverage.

On the other hand, there have been local statutes enacted by some of our states which have gone too far. For instance, in Indiana, it was unlawful until this year for a physician to prescribe any alcoholic liquor even to patients who might be in extreme need of it unless these patients were actually in a hospital at the time. I think this law did interfere with a man's fundamental right to restoration of health and perhaps even of life itself, and where that was the case I have no doubt whatever that a conscientious man would be perfectly justified in breaking the law to save the life or preserve the health either of himself or of those who were dear to him. The house wherein I was reared was a station of the Underground Railway. We violated the Fugitive Slave Law then and helped the runaways to liberty, and I always thought we did right. But the laws preventing the sale or use of poisons and narcotics and of alcoholic liquor for beverage purposes are a perfectly justifiable regulation of human conduct and ought to be observed by all patriotic citizens at whatever personal inconvenience to themselves.

WILLIAM DUDLEY FOULKE.

ON MEXICAN RELATIONS

Biddeford, Maine.

TO the Editor:—Will you convey to your correspondent at Los Altos, California, that I am truly sorry to have added to his mental confusion on Mexico?

It is quite possible that he has been spared, in California, the vitriolic denunciation of President and Secretary of State which has characterized portions of the Catholic press in the East and from which the pulpit has not been free. If so, he may not have understood a word of what I said. His note of bewilderment (The Commonweal, July 7) would indicate this to be the case.

The fault is mine: he asked in your columns a question concerning my statement that a practically universal convention of international law denies the unconditional right of a government to intervene on religious grounds between another government and that second government's nationals. I was wrong to assume, in my reply to that question, that because he asked it he had any complete picture of the situation and of what has been happening at Washington.

There are, I should judge, two trends of opinion among Catholics in the United States as to what our government should or may not do to remedy or alleviate religious and educational conditions in Mexico.

The one is expressed in a published letter to President Coolidge by the group of eighty-five or more bishops and archbishops who administer the affairs of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and who through that organization voice their opinions on various matters of public interest. In that letter, they state their realization of the delicacy of the situation and their confidence in the manner in which it has been handled by the administration. With that letter I am in accord.

The other trend is a confused, disorderly, and heated demand for "action" without adequate knowledge of the extent to which "action" has already been taken, or of the limits of proper governmental "action" in the circumstances, or the consequences of "action" both to the United States and to Mexico.

That is a mischievous and dangerous state of mind. I offer a further suggestion that any attempt to exploit that state of mind for the purposes of a political campaign, would be highly reprehensible.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

THE FRIENDS OF BROWNSON

Denton, Texas.

TO the Editor:—On page 147 of The Commonweal of June 16, an editorial had this heading: The Friends of Brownson. Are there many young Americans who know Brownson? Do seminarians know him? How ungrateful Catholics are toward that great man who is at times compared to Saint Augustine and Newman. Many of his books are out of print. That is deplorable. Will not his friends see to it? Of course, there are many things in those twenty-two volumes which are useless for our day, but one-third is of permanent value. Should not that matter of permanent value be put in five volumes? Why do not his friends give this their kind attention?

REV. RAYMOND VERNIMONT.

(The title-page and index for Volume III of The Commonweal are now ready, and will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding Volume III in leather or in cloth, information regarding which will be supplied on application to The Commonweal.)

(The Commonweal requests its subscribers to communicate any changes of address two weeks in advance, to ensure the receipt of all issues.)

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BOOKS

Women in Ancient India, by Clarisse Bader; translated by Mary E. R. Martin. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Company. $4.00.

MLLE. CLARISSE BADER'S study of oriental womanhood from the Vedic period to the coming of Christ, published in 1867, and crowned by the French Academy, has at last been translated, and very well translated, into English. It is, as the preface states, a "modest work"; but one for which the author was well fitted. As a scholar, Mlle. Bader fell under the spell of Sanskrit literature; as a feminist (in the best acceptation of the word) she was deeply interested in the type of womanhood it so nobly reveals; as a devout Catholic, she had a sympathetic understanding of the spiritual life of the East, of its piety, its asceticism, its profound self-abnegation and boundless charity.

It is natural that, having devoted years of study to the great Hindu epics, the Rāmāyana, which in its vast old age is still a sacred narrative, and the Mahābhārata, whose 200,000 verses represent the collective labor of centuries, Mlle. Bader should find in these beautiful but formless tales qualities which Homer conspicuously lacks. They have a moral elevation, a finely drawn spiritual texture, a solemn sense of duty and devotion, which the Greeks, children of earth, would have found impracticable, if not meaningless. Greek poetry, like Greek philosophy, was in accord with nature. Andrew Lang says that the Homeric poems train for life because they teach elemental goodness: "courage, manliness, reverence for old age and for the hospitable hearth, justice, piety, pity, a brave attitude toward life and death." But no Greek woman, snatched by an evil power from the shelter of her husband's roof, and invincibly chaste amid temptations, would have built herself a funeral pyre, and willingly entered the flames, as purification for an uncommitted sin.

It follows that the Hindu poems seem indescribably remote from our day and from our field of vision; and that the women they describe are like creatures of another world. Sita, wife of Rāma; Damayanti, wife of Nala; Sacuntalā, wife of Dushyanta, are nobly drawn, and possess every conceivable virture; but we do not see them in our mind's eye as we see Nausicaa standing unabashed before the shipwrecked and naked Odysseus, rcognizing his kingly bearing, and swift to offer hospitality; or as we see Helen in Sparta, repentant without remorse, drawing the soft wools from her silver work-basket, and secure under the protection of her wise husband who knows she has been a pawn in the cruel game of the gods.

Mlle. Bader has selected, from her too abundant material, passages of great beauty and distinction. She quotes from an immeasurably old hymn the praises of a wife who has borne with cheerfulness the poverty into which her husband's gambling losses have plunged her, and who has never failed to meet his friends as smilingly as she meets him. A very perfect and patient Griselda. There is the delicacy and finish of Greece in her picture of a youth looking at his dead young wife, and sighing deeply as the wind ruffles her hair "interwoven with flowers and bee-shaped ornaments," so that for a moment she has the semblance of animation. And the oldest—and newest—emotion of life is conveyed in these simple lines: "When a little son, even if all covered with dust, runs to his father and embraces him, what greater pleasure can there be!" So, for an instant, is the whole world made kin.

That India, seduced from her early standards by the debility of the Krishna cult, should have been still further degraded by the encroachments of Islamism was, in Mlle. Bader's eyes, one of the tragedies unfolded by history. Krishna became the beloved god of Hindu women; but Krishna had 1,600 wives, and the mind sinks fatigued from their contemplation. The author turned with indescribable relief to the study of the days when the pure Arian strain was yet unpolluted, and when woman made of her lowliness a crown of glory. Nothing could be better than Mlle. Bader's summing up of this paradox:

"As an infant, the woman's birth was cursed. As a girl-child, she became, by virtue of her grace and purity, the joy of the paternal hearth. As a maiden, she was deprived of the right to perform religious duties, but there were obligations she imposed upon herself. As a wife, she was made to submit, like a child, to her husband, yet she counseled him as a friend. As a widow she was placed in dependence upon her son, yet she governed him."

Which goes to show that Dr. Johnson was right when he said that laws count for little with the human race. Enlightened and progressive, India was not. Devout and understanding, she was. "Just what is the 'nobility of womanhood'?" asked William James of an outraged feminist who had used the phrase as though it had a meaning. If there be any answer to his question, it may possibly be found in the pages of Clarisse Bader's book.

AGNES REPPLIER.

Little Brother Francis of Assisi, by Michael Williams. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

HAGIOGRAPHIC emphasis, well-intentioned though it be, is powerless to enhance the story of Saint Francis of Assisi. The devoted knight-errant of Lady Poverty is in no need of the luxurious ornamentation which Lady Rhetoric and Lady Eulogy are often ready to supply. In a time when artificial distinctions between man and man, based upon material prosperity and power, were arrogantly maintained in civil society, the utter simplicity of his life won the hearts of rich and poor alike. Surely, of all those since the earliest days of the Church whom piety delights to honor, he is a model subject for a simple biography, simply written.

Mr. Williams has seen the obvious task. The author's primary purpose has been to give, in this year of the seven hundredth anniversary of the hero-saint's birth, an account of his life "for boys and girls beyond the folk-lore age." In avoiding complexity of treatment he has avoided a rudimentary method also, and thus his work is likely to be of interest to many who are boys or girls no longer.

If comparisons be sought, the better class of series books for boys, now so popular, which embrace a diluted modicum of history, largely the history of wars and adventures, may come to mind. Yet there is a marked difference between Little Brother Francis of Assisi and the generality of the series books, even apart from their subject matter. Mr. Williams has not blended, even in a remote degree, history and fiction.

The historian of American Catholicism in the world war has been too thoroughly grounded in the canons of research and accurate presentation to accept for his pages any statement which does not rest upon sound evidence. Where there is a border-land between history and legend which, for purposes of completeness, he must enter even a little way, he is careful to set forth the distinction. The work, therefore, has a value by reason of the authenticity of its material which will be

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welcomed because of the multiplication of tales resting upon tradition to which the marvelously versatile life of Saint Francis naturally gave rise.

Mr. Williams adheres faithfully to the currently accepted standards of proper biographical treatment, beginning with the formative period of the life of Saint Francis and proceeding through the period of evolution to the period of fruition, giving an historical background for every detail that seems to require it. Decorations by Boris Artzybasheff add to the appearance of the book.

The extraordinary success of Cardinal Gibbons's The Faith of Our Fathers would appear to offer all possible encouragement to the popularization of religious literature. When the author, then a young bishop in North Carolina, wrote the first edition of that book, now extremely rare, he had in mind a general purpose which was about the same as that of Mr. Williams. The purpose was to convey a message with the clearness and general attractiveness which would be likely to make an impression upon the reader who has no predilection for religious books, as well as the one who has such a predilection.

If Mr. Williams is able to bring the example of Saint Francis before a considerable number of readers who have not been drawn to former books on that fruitful theme he will have performed a service whose value it is not easy to compute.

ALLEN SINCLAIR WILL.

Saint Anthony of Padua, by Ernest Gilliat-Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THE great Saint Anthony, shrined in his Franciscan habit, illuminated by the votive tapers that shine around him in almost every church of the Faith throughout the Christian world, patron of the pious, of the Antonios, Antons and Tonys of half the universe, has long called for a biography that would satisfy the more critical minded of those who fled to his protection, retold the legends of his life, and in the end realized they knew little or nothing of his actual history.

Mr. Gilliat-Smith, under the imprimatur of the English Cardinal Bourne, and assisted by his previous studies on Saint Clare and other Franciscan topics, approaches a difficult task with acumen and deliberation. He faces a mass of devotional stories, more or less legendary, upon a subject so dear to the average pious mind that the greatest discretion on his part as a modern historian is seriously called for. He has accomplished his work in an able manner, sifting authorities more or less reliable, sorting the obviously legendary from the plausible, and establishing enough actual history to preserve the figure of great sanctity that we have all venerated from childhood, and to absolve the enthusiasts of the Saint from all charges of stupidity or fanaticism.

The facts of the Saint's life, as revealed in positive statements, are meagre, but sufficient. He was of distinguished Portuguese blood, born in 1195 in the shadow of the old Cathedral of Lisbon, and named Fernando. Here he lived and studied until his fifteenth year, when he joined the Order of the Canons Regular of Saint Augustine in their Priory of Santa Cruz—which Mr. Gilliat-Smith, with irritating British meticulousness, translates as Saint Cross. It was in the lovely house of these cultivated Canons Regular in Coimbra that Anthony spent ten years of his monastic life before taking upon himself the habit of the new and humble community then collecting itself around Saint Francis of Assisi.

The confusion among these authors of chronicles, legends, and fioretti gives the historian "a pretty kettle of fish," and it is only a deft finger that can extract a morsel without a burning. The stories of contention between Saint Francis and the other founders of his order are well outlined by Mr. Gilliat-Smith: Saint Anthony's fruitless mission to Morocco and his return with the fever; the accounts of various general chapters at Assisi, and of Franciscan conferences in Rome and elsewhere are recounted with, always, the implied presence of Saint Anthony, anonymously in the background.

This indirect history is the best form in which a credible narrative can be arranged, but one cannot avoid a sense of shock to realize that Saint Anthony had so little to do with Padua before the friars of Saint Mary's carried off his body and began the erection of the superb shrine that fixes his memory as a Paduan forever.

Legends and miracles fill up the pages of his history—some of them spiritually beautiful and some of them close to homely fact. One is amused to hear of the supper-party tendered the Saint at which his heretical hosts served him with a large bloated frog. The Saint, raising his eyes in thanksgiving, made the sign of the Cross over the dish, which at once was seen to hold a juicy capon for his meal. It is not the miracles that make a saint, "for a' that"; they are merely attestations of the holiness of the person to whom they are attributed. Down the ages, from the moment of Saint Anthony's entrance into heaven to the present day, the whole world has proclaimed his thaumaturgical powers and his influence in daily life, as well as in abiding spirituality.

THOMAS WALSH.

History of France, by Jacques Bainville; translated by Alice Gauss and Christian Gauss. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $3.50.

THE old land which has been a home for an unbroken line of great men from Vercingetorix to Marshal Foch has a story which many have enjoyed telling and which several have told very well. Jacques Bainville is among the most interested and most competent narrators. It is no mistake to say that his gift for untangling the political aspects of an event or an era has given thousands of people a new impression of the meaning of history. Those who had rightly wearied of attempts to explain human deeds with clumsy and mechanical theories could not well avoid extending a welcome to a writer who says at the beginning of his book: "France is the product of will and intelligence." She has been, as M. Bainville sees her, a nation upon which certain collective endeavors were imposed. Some of these took root in geographical and economic circumstance; others were closely bound up with what Providence decreed should be the cultural destiny of Europe.

In his first—probably also his best—chapter the historian is interested in making the point, Gaul Shares the Life of Rome. This was never so true as when Clovis became a Christian. "At this moment France began. She already possessed her principal characteristics. Her civilization was strong enough to withstand the influx of the Franks and to leave the material power in their hands. And she had need of this great Frankish strength. She would assimilate these men, she would polish them. Like her civilization, her religion was Roman and that religion was saved: henceforth, throughout the centuries, the basis of religious France will be orthodox Catholicism. In short, anarchy had been avoided, a governing power, rude through it was, had been recreated, and France could afford to wait for it to pass into better hands. This

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power will be monarchic and will tend to realize the Roman idea of the unity of the state. Nothing of all this will be lost. Through the vicissitudes of the ages these traits will ever be reappearing."

To catch sight of them in these moments of continuously renewed apparition is M. Bainville's business. He is at his best when the narrative is clouded with storms; and about the religious wars, the work of Richelieu, the Revolution and the Third Republic he has much to say that is clarifying and stirring. The very fact that he is a monarchist seems to aid the work, because (whatever may be said in favor of Republicanism) every Democrat is too modern to feel at home in traditional France, which is essentially as much antique beauty as living reality. It is to be hoped that many Americans will avail themselves of the opportunity to read M. Bainville in the present eminently satisfactory translation. To anybody with a sense of history, the book will prove a fascinating record worth rereading. We who have lived so intimately with France should not need being urged into the long shadow of her glory.

PAUL CROWLEY.

The Arcturus Adventure, by William Beebe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.00.

"THE Sargasso Sea," declares one of the encyclopaedias, "is the region of the Atlantic Ocean from about lat. 20 to 35 N." For Mr. Beebe, it is a place where he had a magnificent time guiding the Arcturus in and out of a watery land of mystery, the exploration of which filled days with the joy of discovery.

Granted the opportunity to join in the reminiscence, one turns to this book with the expectation that it will do at least some of the magic things accomplished by Mr. Beebe's other volumes: catch up the flavor of the sea and the open, windy world; chat about so unprepossessing a creature as the leptocephalus until it seems an individual one should deeply enjoy meeting; and carry on with such a zest of adventure as used to come upon small boys observing the gay career of a three-ring circus. And the book is not disappointing. It is rich with the drowsy color of tropic haunts, where hanging watery gardens glimmer like rainbows inhabited with goblins. It thrills with the quick staccato of exciting catches and ventures amid sharks. It even goes so far as to reveal new scientific lore with a humor and pertinence which most of us sadly missed during certain laboratory hours. One supposes that even if there had been no Albermarle volcano to erupt and no Cocos Island to justify a speculation about buried treasure, the story of the Arcturus would have been fascinating enough; but with these additions it becomes a narrative suitable for reading at any time, even late into the night.

Mr. Beebe's style is simply the manner of an erudite and yet thoroughly humanized conversationalist. A poet must envy this constant succession of pictures which capture the fantasy of color—pictures of a strange world which has been entered and lived in with joy by a man who has also explored the mystery of phrase. Naturally the reader will be thankful also for the wealth of pictorial illustrations, some of which are masterly color drawings while others are photographs achieved with a truly rare understanding of ensemble and setting. In fact, you would have to look a long while for a better book to give anyone—especially if that "anyone" happens to be a man kept off the far seas by daily routine.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS.

BRIEFER MENTION

Spring Running: A Novel of Enchantment, by F. W. Bronson. New York: George H. Doran. $2.00.

ITS publishers speak of the book's "extraordinary beauty," its "zest and maturity"; call it "a novel of dreams and desires." Beauty is but skin-deep in this tale, however, and the desire under the skin is desire of the flesh. The "zest" of the blurb one must concede, but "maturity"? To summarize, Charles's, the hero's, contacts with the world—chiefly physical and feminine—end in flight to a Wyoming ranch. As a climax, Deborah—one is not surprised that after meeting Charles "she felt intensely aware of her body"; it is something no one who reads the book can avoid—whom his sex appeal and undergraduate sneers have distracted from a sincere and honest vocation for the conventional life, buys a ticket to follow him. There are allusions artistic and literary: Théophile Gautier and Rémy de Goncourt "say"; Sainte-Beuve is read aloud "in the original." But these are camouflage; sex is the main theme. Probably the book will sell: it has a verbose, garishly colored stridency, a gift for leaving little to the imagination. Yet what Mr. Bronson's publishers call "the distracting magic of youth" seems mere effervescence of a callow mind so overcome by discovery of a basic physical fact that it loses its sense of proportion.

Dante, by John T. Slattery. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $2.00.

THOSE interested in the study of Dante—especially those who plan incorporating the fruits of their study in an essay—ought not to overlook the second edition of Monsignor Slattery's fascinating and scholarly lectures. They cover the matters indispensable to a beginner pretty thoroughly, discussing the epoch, the man, and the various portions of the great poem. Form is, however, always quite as important as matter. In the case of Monsignor Slattery's book, style does not obtrude itself upon the reader but goes about good-manneredly, charming all with pertinent allusions, apt phrasing, and nicely adjusted lore. Of particular value is the abundance of comment gathered from the most important students of Dante and inserted in precisely the right places. The book has been so widely and so favorably commented upon, however, that it is unnecessary to say more here than a word of warning: those who miss the book will be deprived of an unusual means of pleasure and intellectual profit.

Broadway Translations: Tibetan Tales, edited, with a preface, by C. A. F. Rhys Davids. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00

AMONG the recent volumes included in the Broadway series of translations, perhaps none is so generally attractive as the collection of tales from Indian sources first collected by the Russian scholar, F. Anton von Schiefner, and later translated, with an excellent introduction, by W. R. S. Ralston. The account of the discovery of this literature and its presentation to the European scholarly public begins with the romantic narrative of Alexis Csoma de Körös the Hungarian patriot and sacrificial student, but it is interesting to the very end. The stories are all fairly well known to scholarly English readers, but the present volume should find a wider audience among persons of average culture and curiosity. Needless to say, the format and printing are excellent.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

Mark O. Shriver, of Baltimore, Maryland, having paid a visit to the Library, offered, on leaving, to transcribe an account of what took place there the afternoon of his call. Hence it was that, a few days later, Dr. Angelicus received a letter from him, which he opened, saying to his associates as he drew a deep breath:

"Harken to this—for now we shall see ourselves as others see us."

"Oh, Doctor, do you think we can stand it?" sighed Miss Brynmarian, as she fanned herself with the colorful paper jacket from a recent novel. "It's so very hot to have to listen to the truth."

"The truth," remarked Angelicus, "is a saving tonic for all of us, too often unheeded. Wherefore, I purpose to read to you Mr. Shriver's comments, which run in this wise:

" 'The day I visited the Library, Miss Brynmarian was finishing a cross-word puzzle in the morning paper.

" 'For what Abe Potash calls a new beginner,' said the Doctor, 'those things may be of some value, but to a confirmed puzzlist like myself the whole thing is a total loss of time and effort.'

" 'Yes,' agreed Miss Brynmarian, 'the number of two-and three-letter words is limited, and the entire supply of our puzzle constructors is soon exhausted. Tittivillus, even, when he sees a two-letter Egyptian sun god, at once jots down his Ra in appropriate squares and that part of his work is done.'

" 'But,' objected Tittivillus, 'many can in this way develop vocabularies of considerable extent.'

" 'Yes,' the Doctor agreed, 'they can get a vocabulary, but who, in all conscience, would wish to converse in words of three letters and one syllable?'

" 'One learns new words,' insisted Tittivillus.

" 'New words is right,' said the Doctor. 'A tor is a high-pointed hill, and an alp is a high mountain. Age may be either extent of life or an era, or an aeon; but an aeon, as every intelligent person knows, is immeasurable time, which is not age at all. Why should the suffix of agency, er, added to a verb, make a noun describing one who does what the verb portends? A porter might, in cross-words, be one who ports—though no dictionaries carry such a verb.'

" 'Oh, Doctor—where is your French?' murmured Tittivillus.

" 'Porter,' went on the Doctor, 'along with beer and gin, is an alcoholic beverage—though slight inaccuracies of definition serve only to make solution more difficult or, in happier phrase, harder; for in this realm a harder is one who hards.'

" 'I have learned much ornithology and much of fishes,' said Tittivillus.

"The Doctor looked at him. 'Ornithology?' he asked. 'A sea eagle is an ern or an erne, or the plural of either, as the exigencies of the situation require; and only recently the experts of a nation-wide construction syndicate have added a new variety, calling it a tern—which is not an eagle but a gull. The erne is never a bird, but a bird may be a roc (generally characterized as extinct) or an emu (generally stigmatized as Australian). Never, by any chance, is a bird a cassowary; although in the books I read as a small boy, cassowaries and emus were pretty nearly brothers and sisters. And never, to my knowledge, through lack of shining opportunity, has a bird been a kiwi. As for ichthyology, a fish—elongated—may be,

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and generally is, an eel; unless it happens to be a gar. Sometimes a fish is plainly and simply an id—which comes from Europe and should stay there!'

"Miss Brynmarian could contain herself no longer. 'Geography,' she began—but the Doctor exploded:

" 'Geography! Bah! The Dee may be a river in England, though it is really in Wales. A river in Switzerland may be the Aar, but a river in China is never, never, never the Yangtze Kiang. As Artemus Ward would say, that is "tu mutch." '

" 'Languages and music,' Miss Brynmarian began, 'are'—

" 'Nothing,' he interrupted. 'Eta, mu, nu, phi, chi, psi, offer a fairly wide range for a Greek letter; but who of you ever heard of upsilon? As for music, the very names of the notes let it out. Si may be a note of the scale, but on occasion it is readily changed to ti, leaving its former self to be yes or if, or the name of a man who owned a mule in Mr. Opper's comic strip—depending only on whether one talks Italian, French, or United States as she is spoke in Indiana.'

"The Doctor was in high gear and going strong. 'Imagine the predicament of a puzzle-constructor, left with three letters, such as x, q, and l. Is his labor of hours to go for naught, his creation to be torn down for arduous reconstruction? By no means. Among his definitions, he cannily sets down, "Xenophon quaffed liquor." '

"Hereticus smiled. 'As who,' he whispered, 'did not, or does not now?'

"The Doctor ignored him. 'Even two letters may be so misapplied. O.B. are the initials of a writer on golf, or deceased (abbr.) or (in a pinch) overscrupulous bacilli, or else two other words that have been obsolete these last thousand years. The whole cross-word craze should be junked as evolution in Tennessee. There should be a law against it. From this moment, I shall utterly and absolutely ignore them all, unless the quicksands—ah, Tittivillus, is that the last edition of the Evening Sun you have there? Give it to me immediately!' "

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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